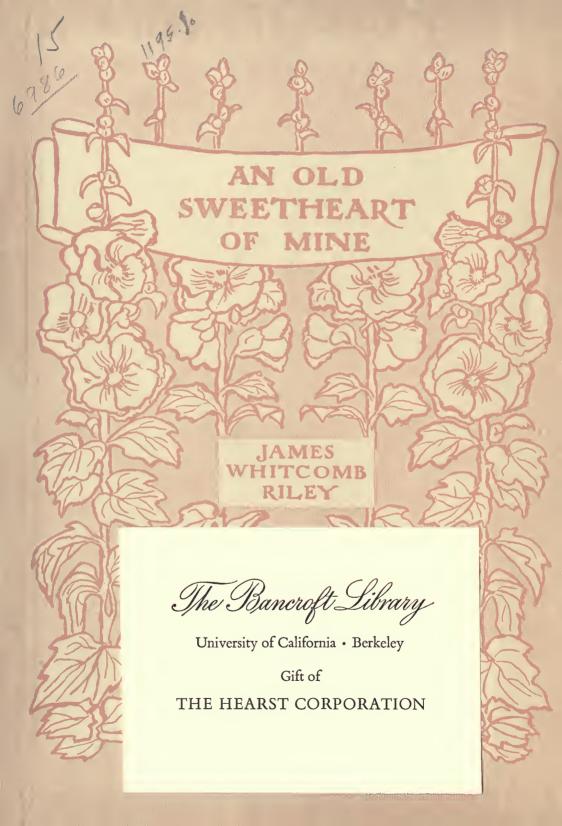
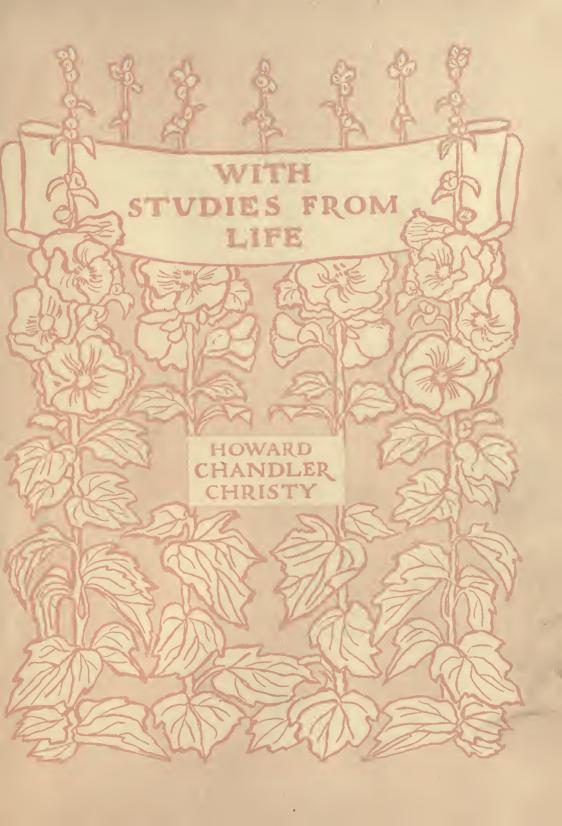
## AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY





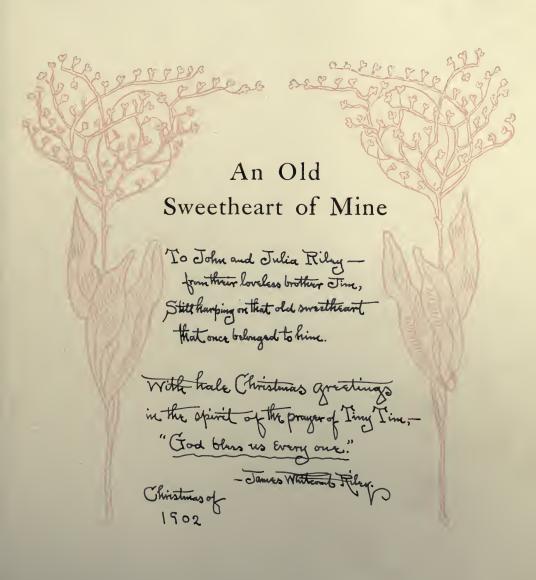
n V2 - U3a # 6986

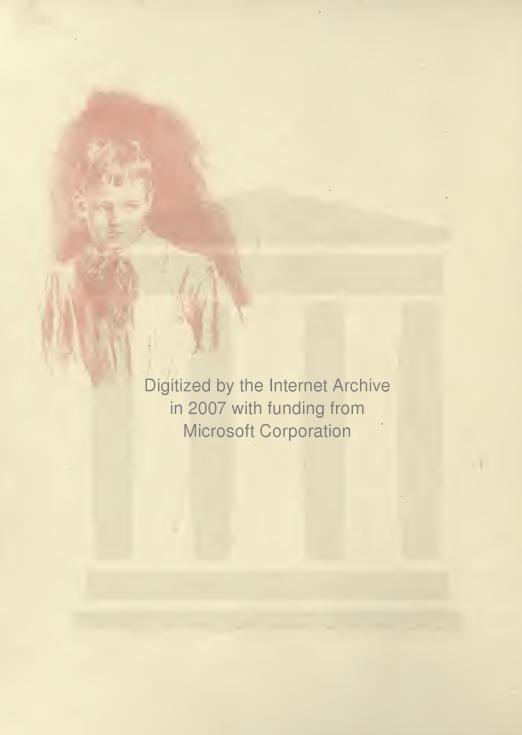






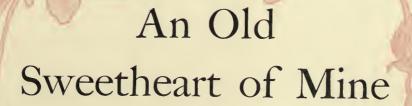












James Whitcomb Riley

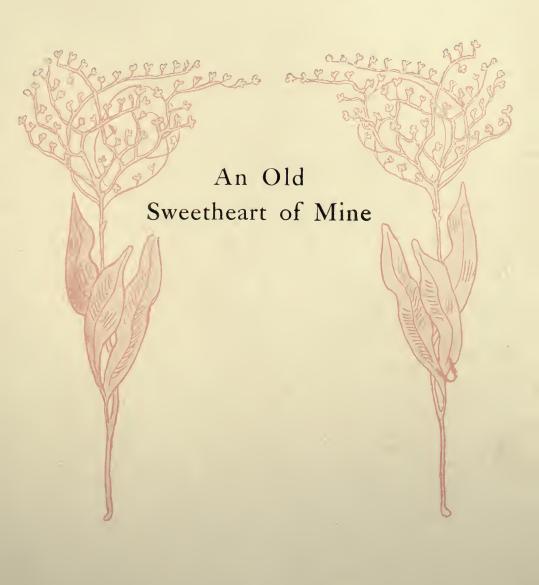
Drawings by
Howard Chandler Christy

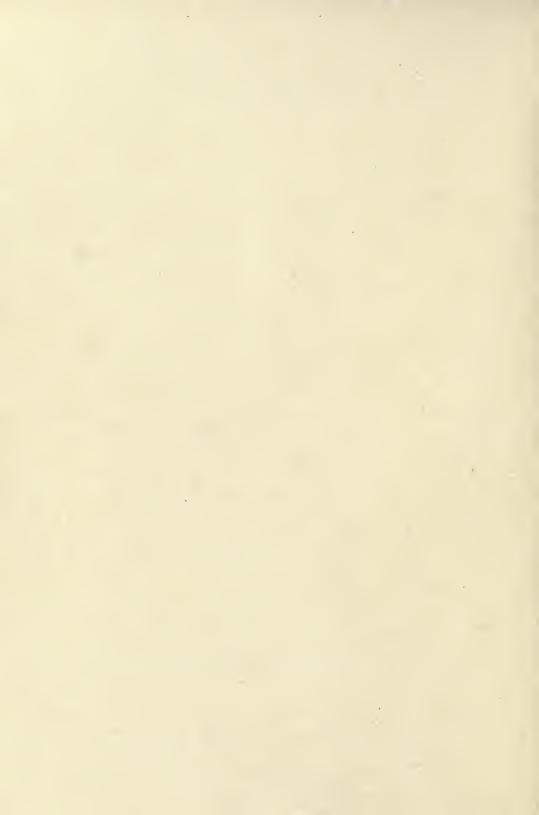
Decorations by Virginia Keep

The Bowen-Merrill Company Publishers Indianapolis Copyright, 1888–1899–1902 James Whitcomb Riley

Copyright, 1902 The Bowen-Merrill Company

> Press of Braunworth & Co. Bookbinders and Printers Brooklyn, N. Y.





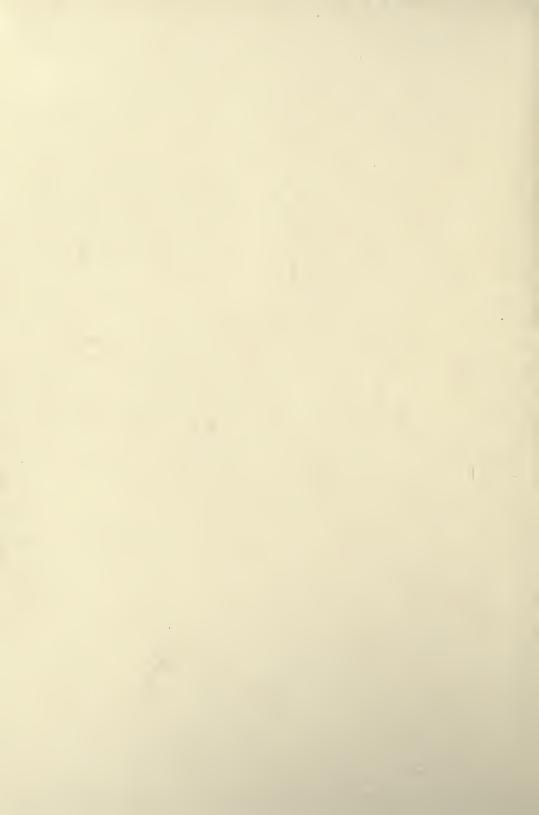


## INSCRIBED

## To GEORGE C. HITT

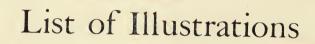
The beginning of whose steadfast friendship was marked by the first publication of these verses which now, expanded by writer, honored by publisher and masterfully graced by artist, seem to be a worthier symbol of the author's grateful and affectionate regard for his earliest friend



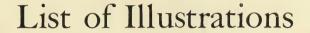


## List of Illustrations

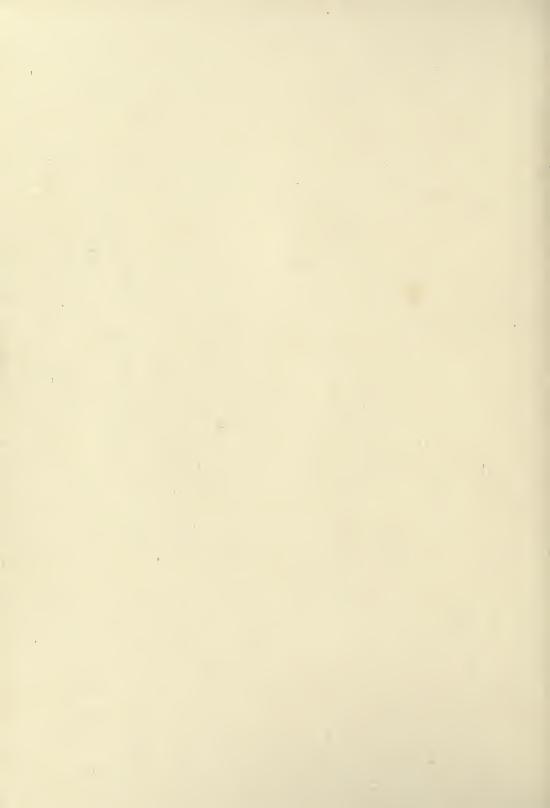
- I Frontispiece—An Old Sweetheart of Mine.
- II A fair, illusive vision that would vanish into air
- III The then of changeless sunny days—The now of shower and shine
- IV The old bookshelves and prints along the wall
  - V I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine
- VI Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish with the smoke

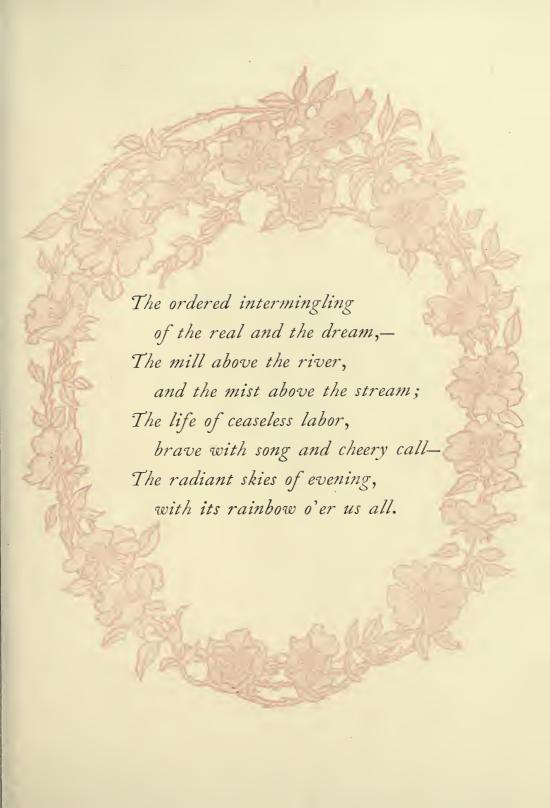


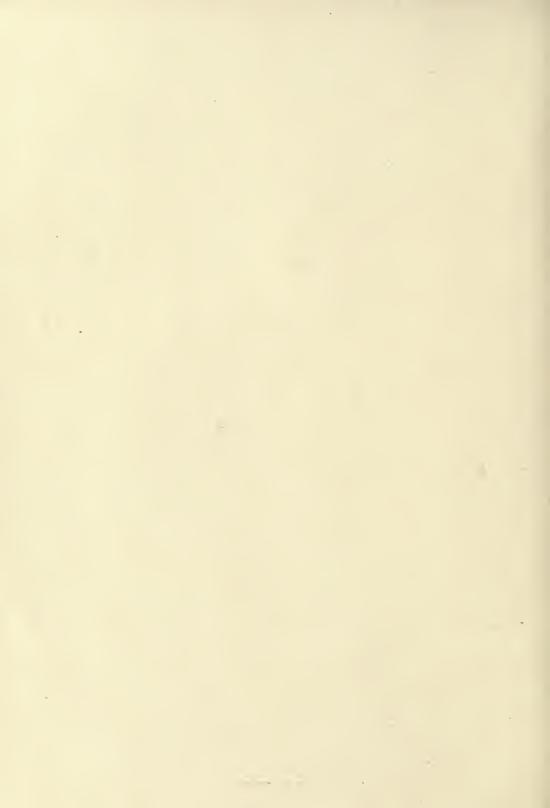
- VII When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine
- VIII The voices of my children and the mother as she sings
  - IX For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
    - X O childhood days enchanted! O the magic of the spring
  - XI To—smile, behind my lesson, at that old sweetheart of mine
  - XII A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace

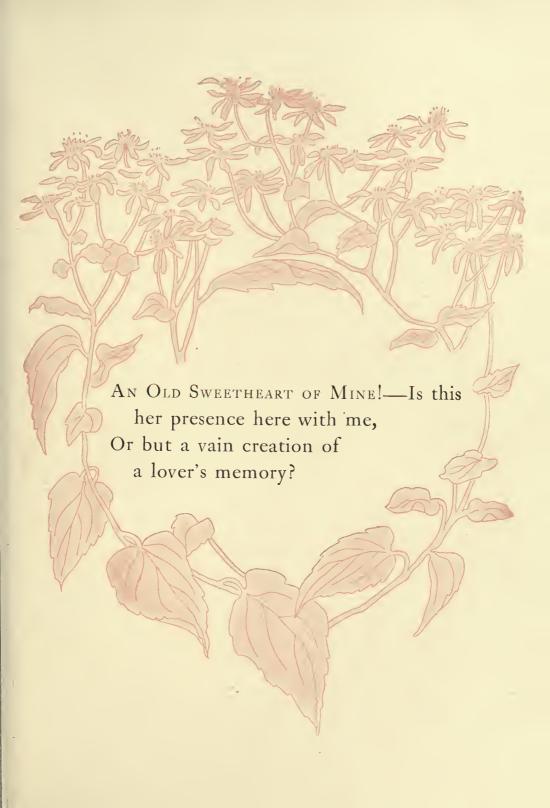


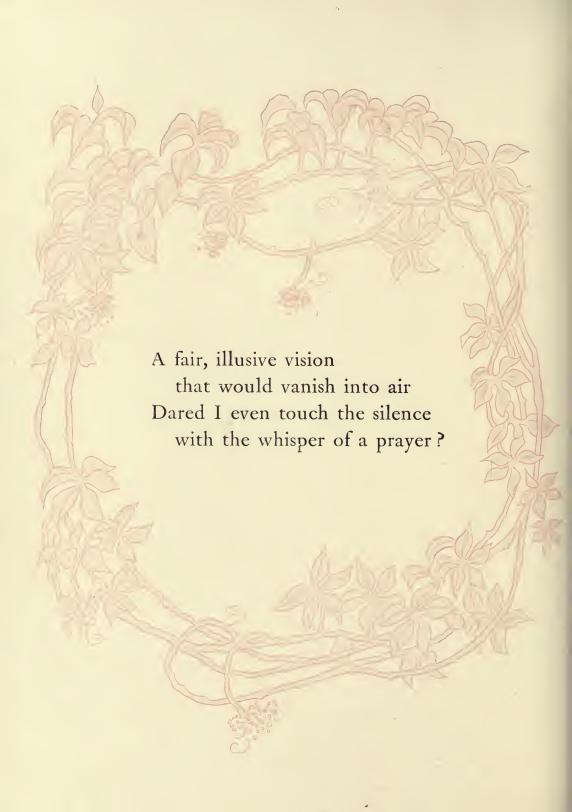
- XIII When first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
- XIV I slipped the apple in it—and the teacher didn't know
  - XV She gave me her photograph, and printed "Ever Thine"
- XVI And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
- XVII Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine
- XVIII And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray
  - XIX The door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there



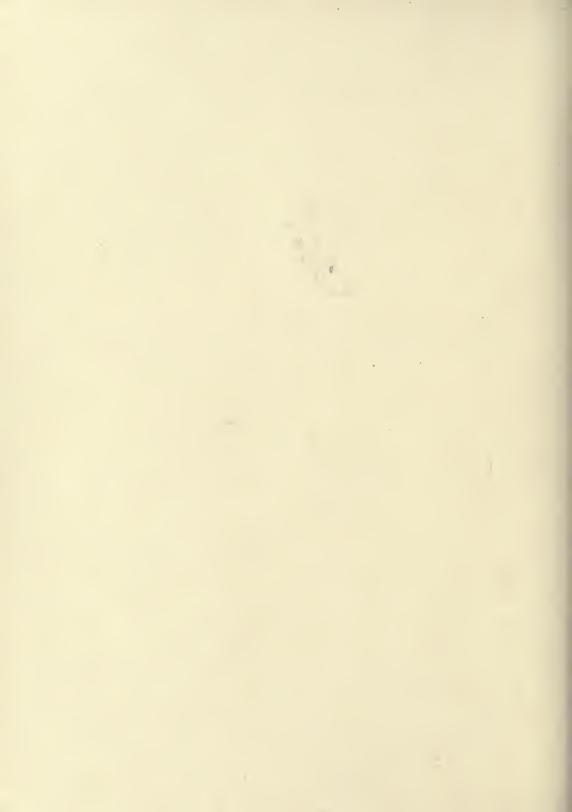


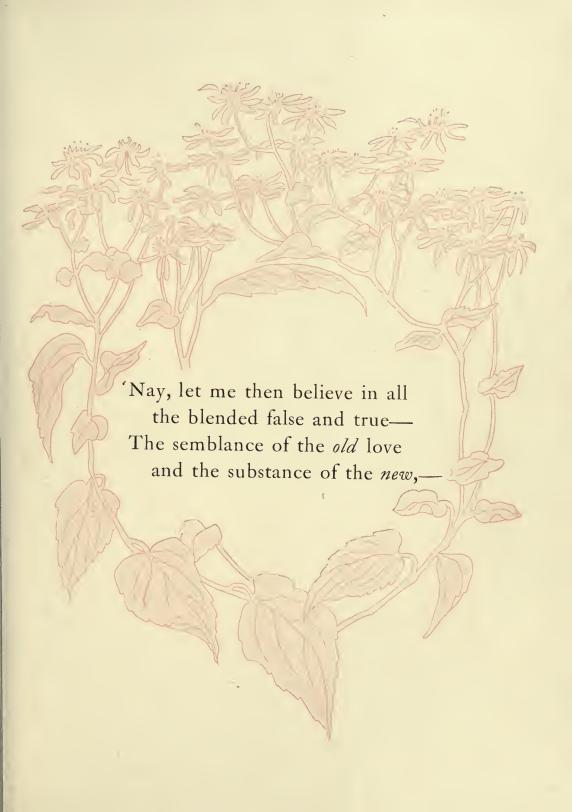


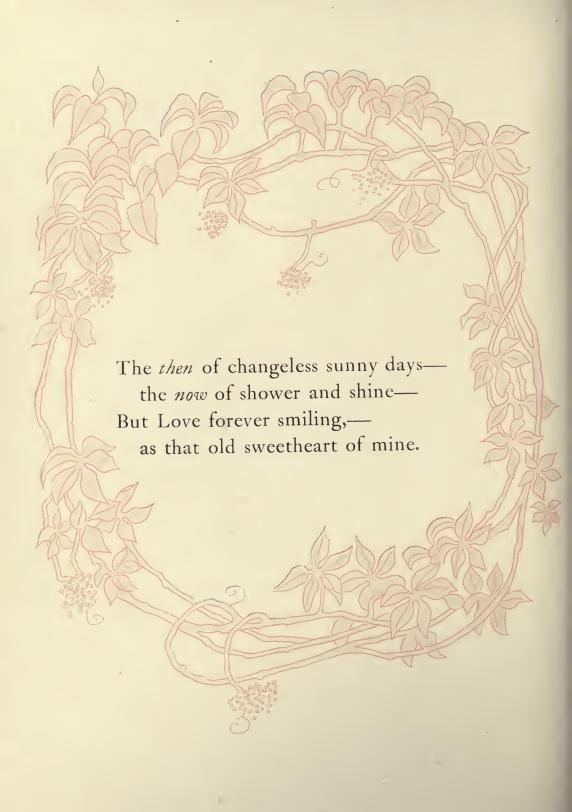




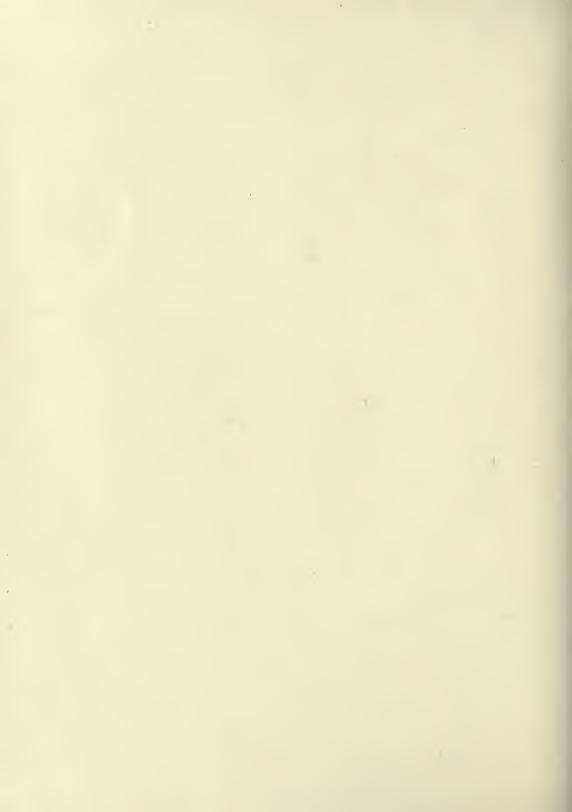


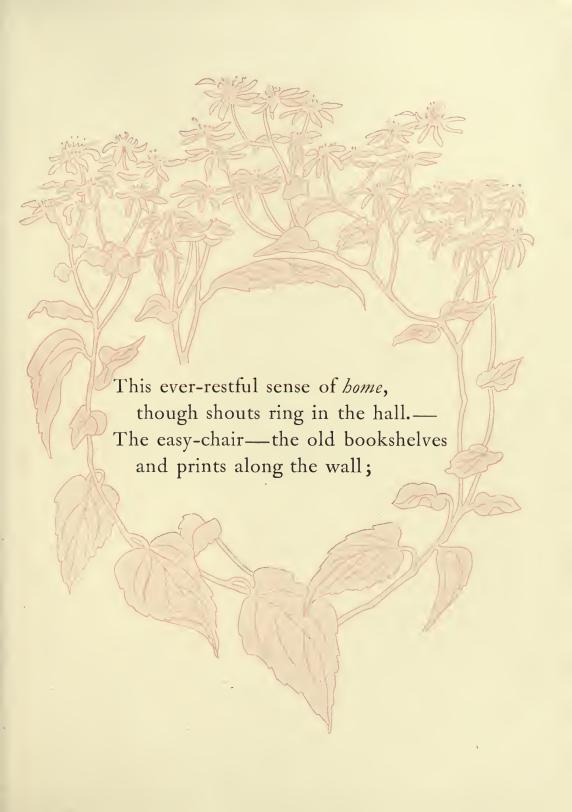


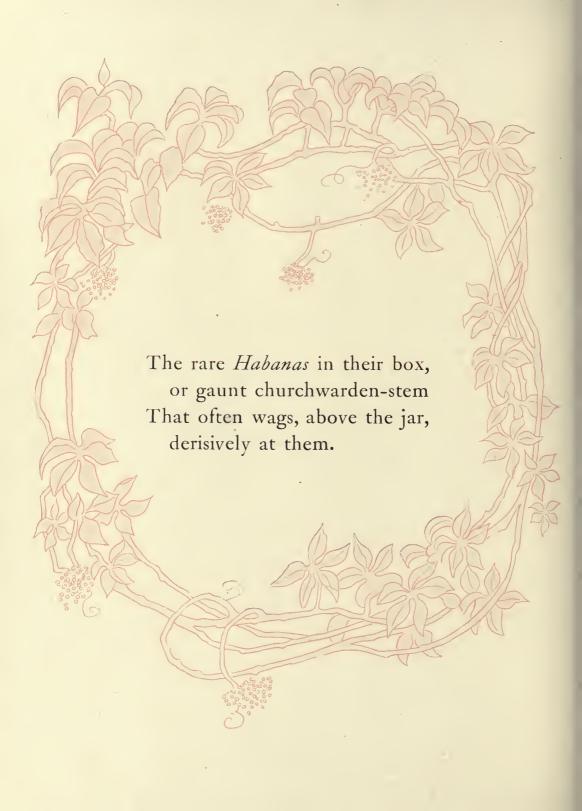




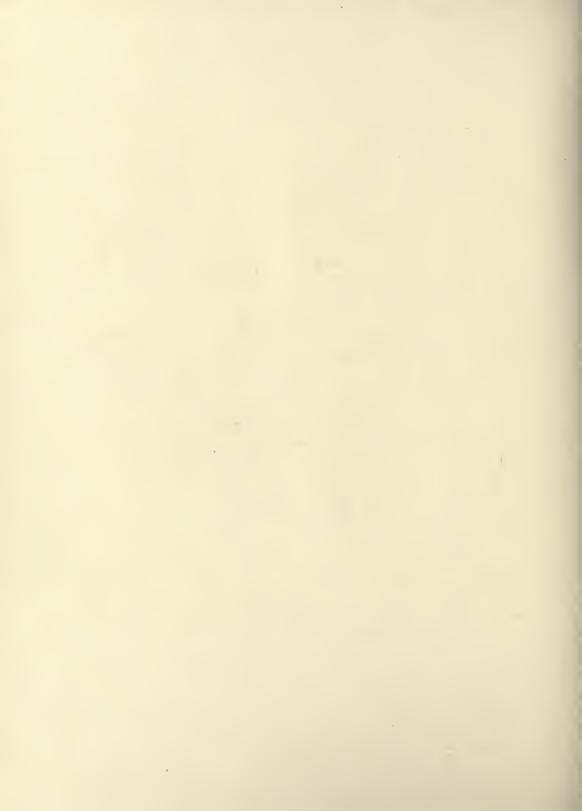


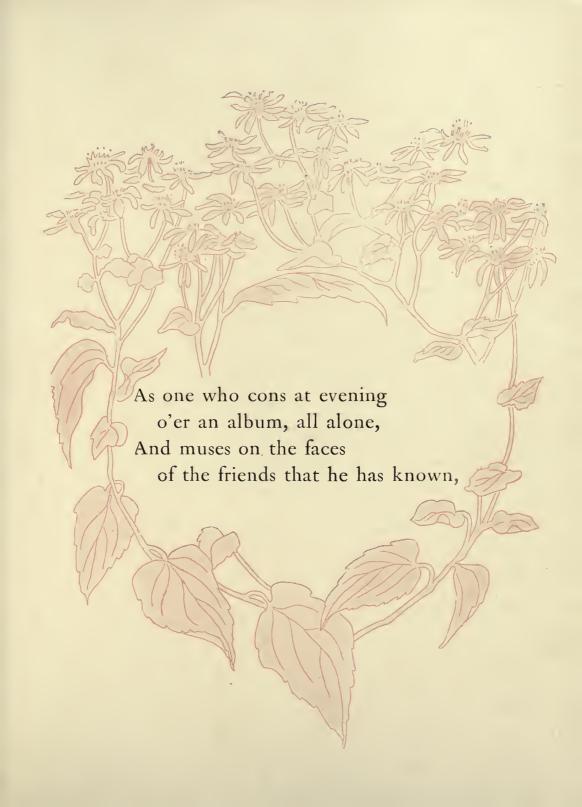


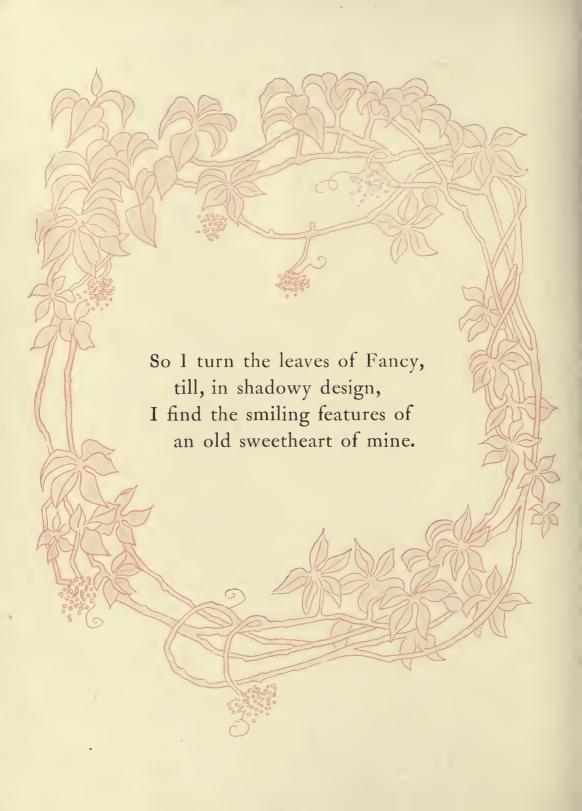






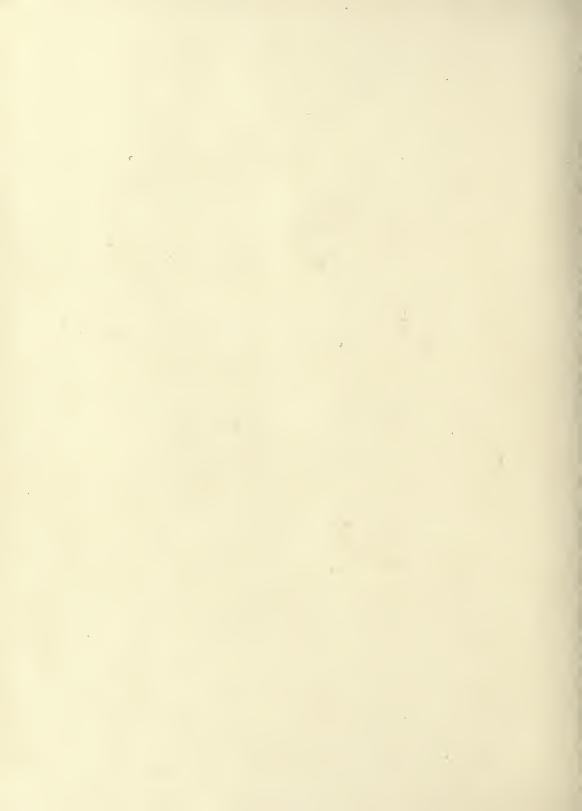


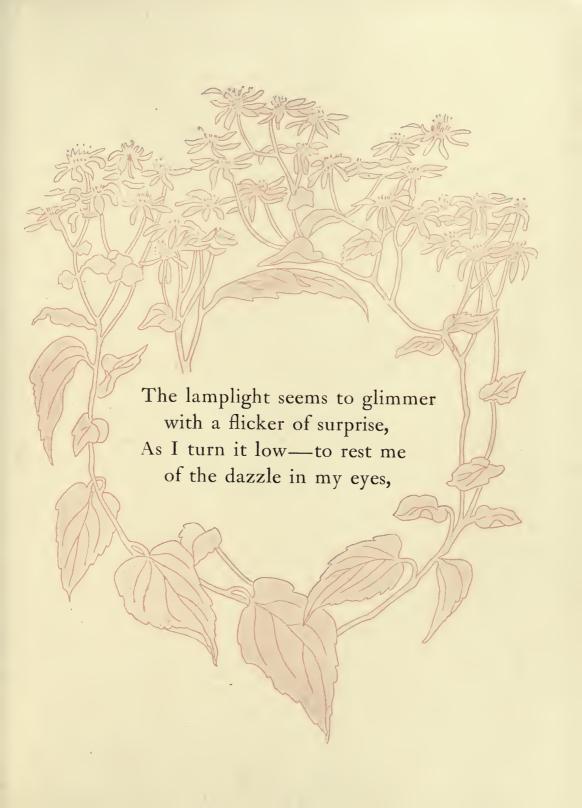


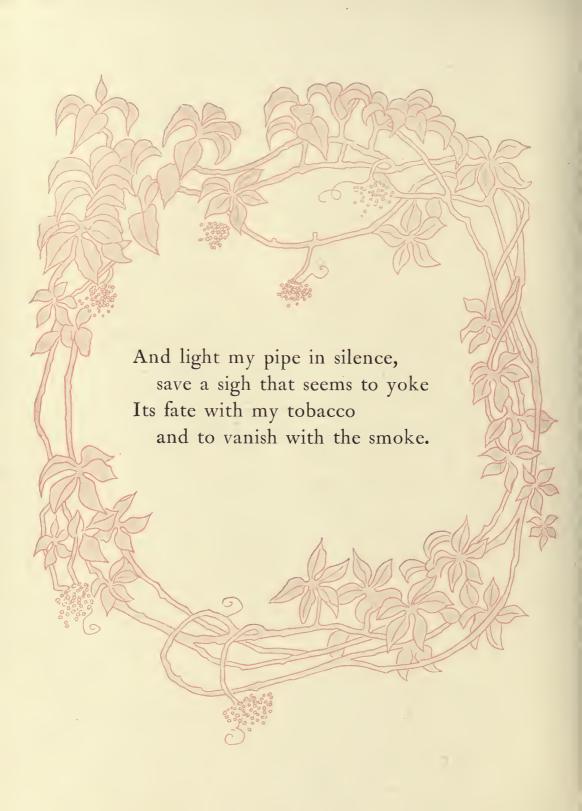




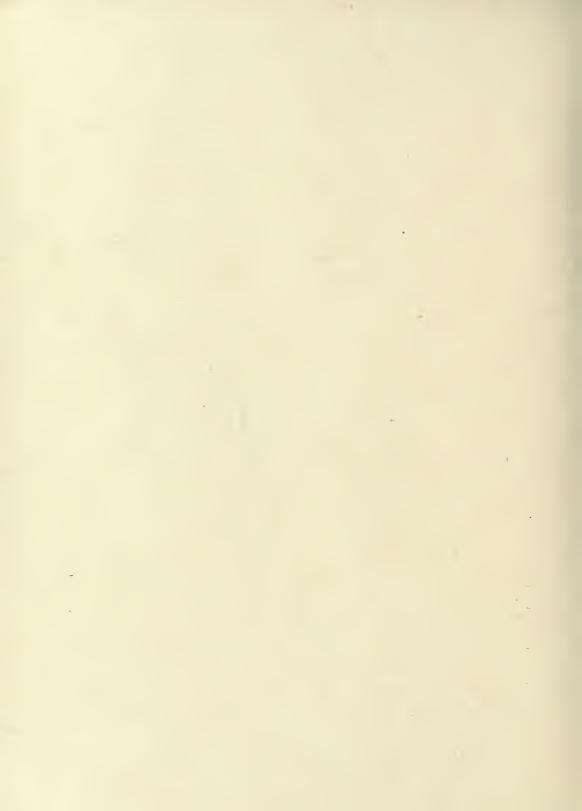
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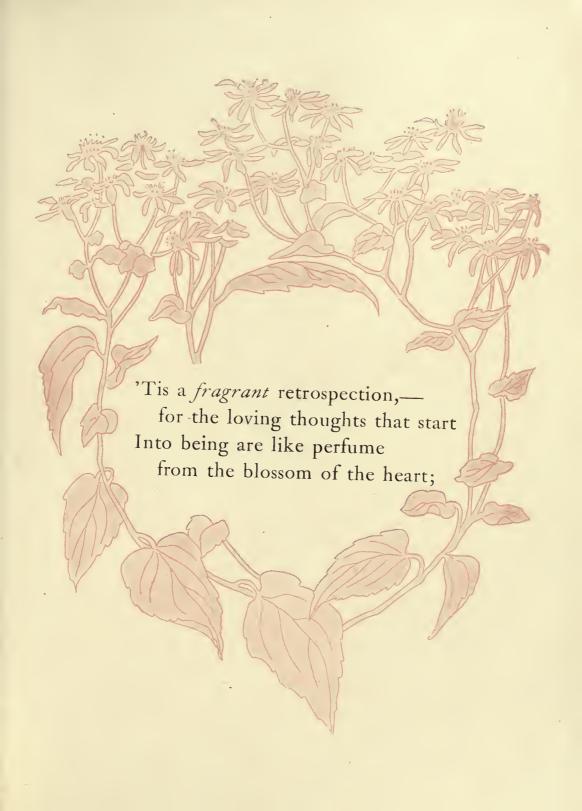


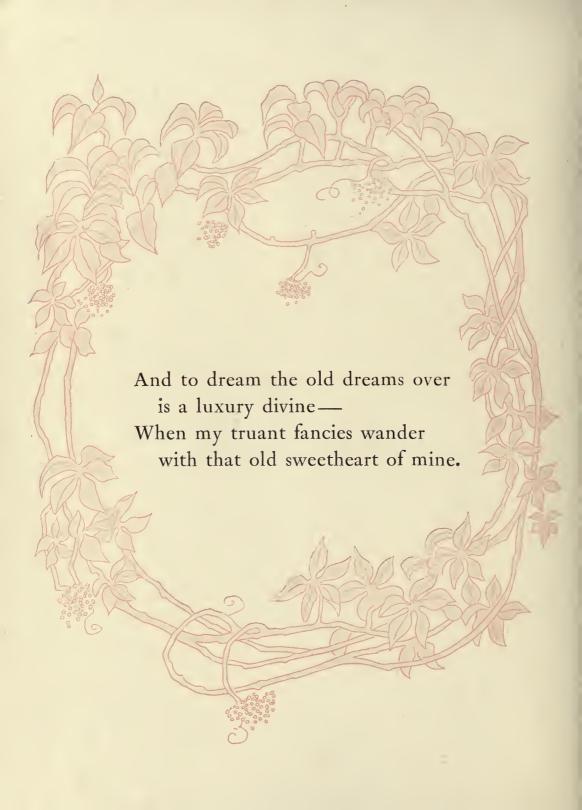




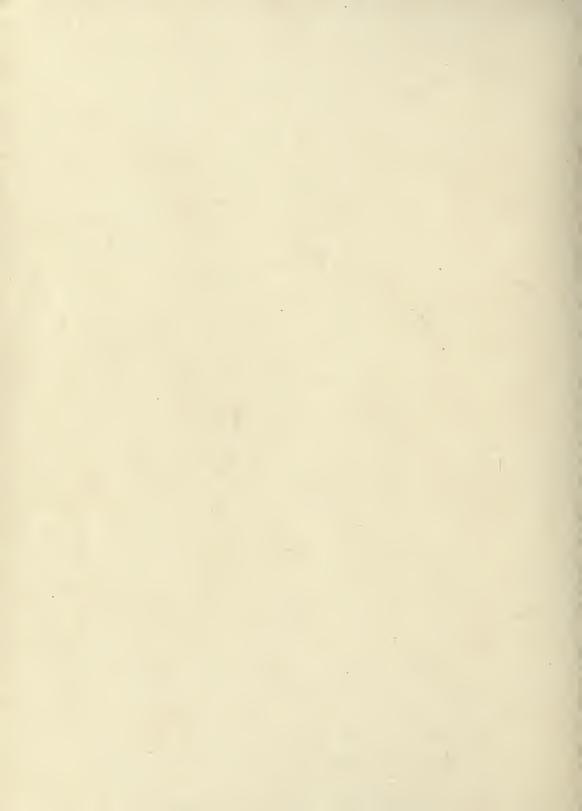


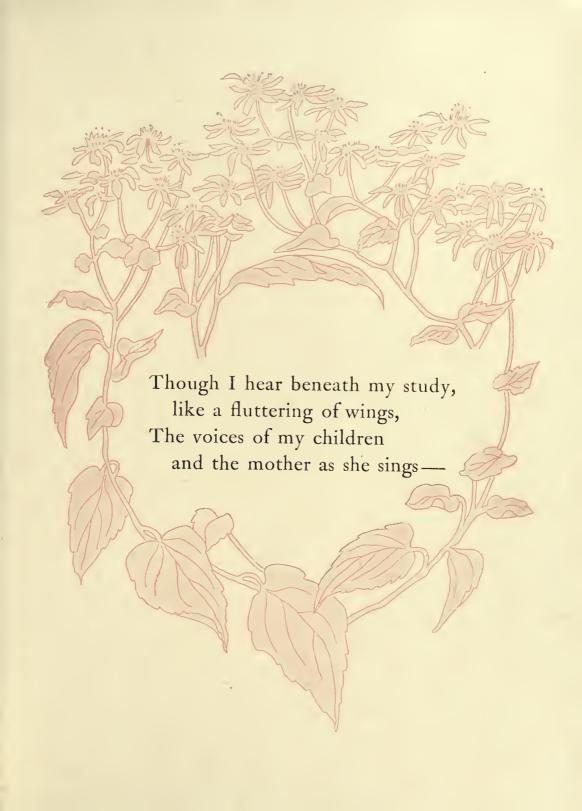


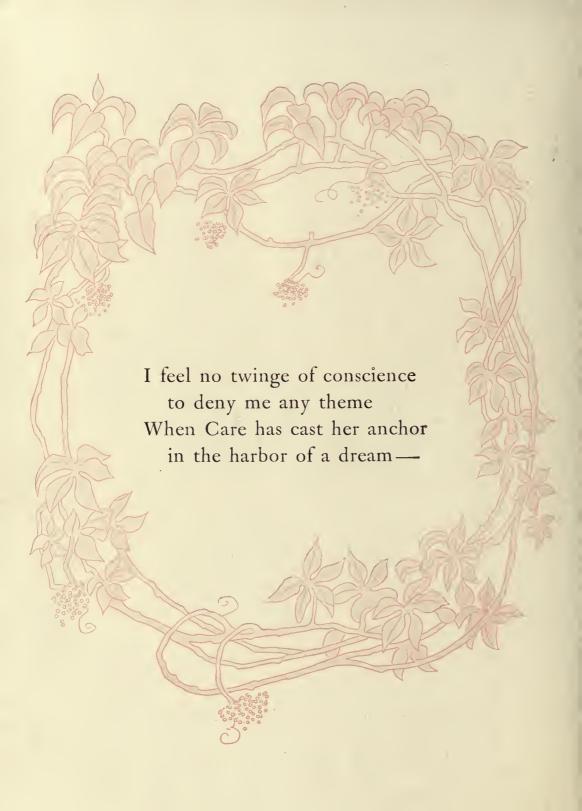






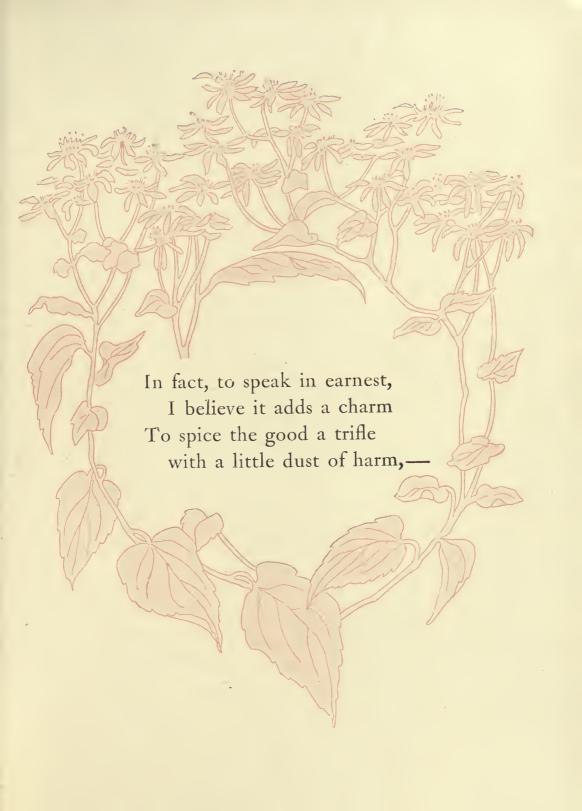


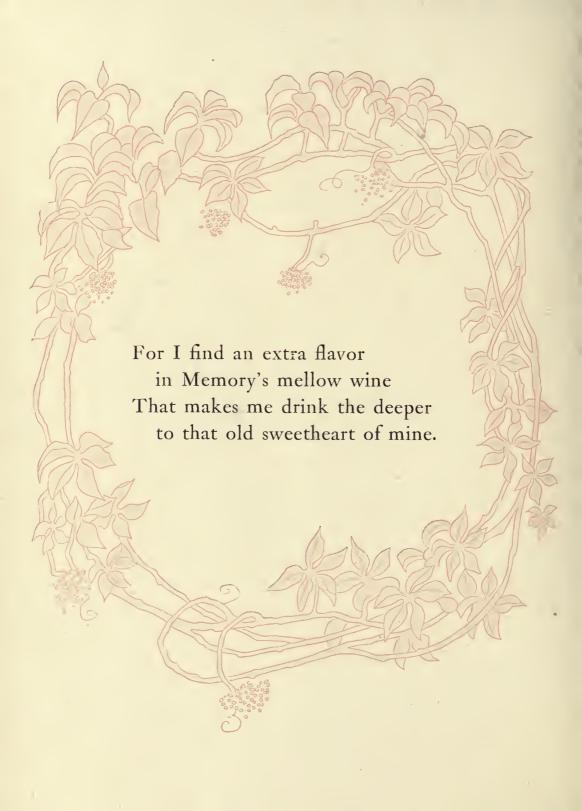














Haund Chundlen Christy 1902



